

Endorsed by Lieut. John Philip Sousa, U. S. N. R. F.



Dedicated to
WOODROW WILSON Esq.
President of the United States of America

AMERICA MY COUNTRY

NATIONAL HYMN

for
Unison Chorus with Piano Accompaniment
or
Mixed Chorus

POEM BY

Lena Shackelford Hesselberg

MUSIC BY

EDOUARD HESSELBERG



Published by
Edouard Hesselberg
LINCOLN, NEB.

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WOODROW WILSON ESQ.
President of the United States of America

AMERICA MY COUNTRY

National Hymn

Poem by
LENA SHACKELFORD HESSELBERG

Music by
EDOUARD HESSELBERG

Maestoso

1 A - me - ri - ca, my coun - try with all thy vales and
2 A - me - ri - ca, my coun - try in thee my fu - ture
3 A - me - ri - ca, my coun - try in thee I put my
4 A - me - ri - ca, my coun - try no mat - ter what the

hills, With all thy migh - ty for - ces, thy
lies, For all thy beau - ties draw me, to
all, I cling to thy great glo - ry, in
test, Thou wilt rise in great-ness and

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MIXED QUARTETT

Music by
EDOUARD HESSELBERG

Maestoso

A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, with all thy vales and hills, With
A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, in thee my fut - ure lies, For
A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, no mat - ter what the test, I

all thy migh - ty for - ces, thy falls, thy lakes, thy rills, Thou
all thy beau - ties draw me, to thee I lift my eyes, New
cling to thy great glo - ry in faith thou wilt not fall, Thy
Thou wilt rise in great - ness, and give the world thy best, Thy

hold - est wealth of nat - ure, on thee God's sun has shone, A -
en - er - gies pos - sess me, I claim thee for my own A -
birds, thy trees, thy mount - ains, cry free - dom from their dome A -
aims are high and nob - le, thy peo - ple true, I own A -

poco ritard *a tempo* *molto ritardando*

me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.
me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.
me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.
me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.

BALLADS

(By the same composer)

IF I WERE A ROSE
REMINISCENCE
EVENTIDE
VIENI CARINA
THE SEA SHELL AND THE WAVE
MEMORIES
WHY I LOVE YOU
SWEETHEART TO YOU
THE HIDDEN SONG
IF I SHOULD LOSE YOU
AN APRIL DAY
SPRING'S AWAKENING
MINE (HAWAIIAN SERENADE)
GOOD NIGHT DEAR HEART
JUST A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Etc. and etc.

falls, thy lakes, thy rills, Thou hold - est wealth of
 thee I lift my eyes, New e - ner-gies pos -
 faith thou wilt not fall, Thy birds, thy trees, thy
 give the world thy best, Thy aims are high and

na - ture on thee God's sun has shone, A -
 sess me I claim thee for my own, A -
 moun-tains, cry free - dom from their dome A -
 nob - le, thy peo - ple true, I own, A -

poco ritard *a tempo* *molto ritardando*

me - ri - ca my coun - try! my own, my home.
 me - ri - ca my coun - try! my own, my home.
 me - ri - ca my coun - try! my own, my home.
 me - ri - ca my coun - try! my own, my home.

Dedicated to
WOODROW WILSON ESQ.
President of the United States of America
AMERICA MY COUNTRY
NATIONAL HYMN

America, my country,
With all thy vales and hills,
With all thy mighty forces,
Thy falls, thy lakes, thy rills;
Thou holdest wealth of nature,
On thee God's sun has shone,
America, my country,
My own, my home.

America, my country,
In thee I put my all,
I cling to thy great glory,
In faith thou wilt not fall,
Thy birds, thy trees, thy mountains,
Cry freedom from their dome,
America, my country,
My own, my home.

America, my country,
In thee my future lies,
For all thy beauties draw me,
To thee I lift mine eyes,
New energies possess me,
I claim thee for my own,
America, my country,
My own, my home.

America, my country,
No matter what the test,
Thou wilt rise in greatness,
And give the world thy best,
Thy aims are high and noble,
Thy people true I own,
America, my country,
My own, my home.

Lena Shackelford Hesselberg



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President of the United States of America

AMERICA MY COUNTRY

National Hymn

Poem by
LENA SHACKELFORD HESSELBERG (COPYRIGHT 1914)

MIXED QUARTETT

Music by
EDOUARD HESSELBERG

Endorsed by **Lieut. John Philip Sousa, U. S. N. R. F.**

Maestoso

A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, with all thy vales and hills, With
A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, in thee my fut - ure lies, For
A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, in thee I put my all,
A - me - ri - ca my coun - try, no nat - er what the test,

all thy might for - ces, thy falls, thy lakes, thy rills, Thou
all thy beau - ties draw me, to thee I lift my eyes, New
clinging to thy great glo - ry in faith thou wilt not fall, Thy
Thou wilt rise in great - ness, and give the world thy best, Thy

hold - est wealth of nat - ure, on thee God's sun has shone, A -
on - er - gies pos - sess me, I claim thee for my own A -
birds, thy trees, thy mount - ains, cry free - dom from their dome A -
aims are high and nob - le, thy peo - ple true, I own A -

poco ritard *a tempo* *molto ritardando*

mo - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.
me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.
me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.
me - ri - ca my coun - try, my own, my home.

The audience will please rise and remain standing while singing this hymn

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AND

Other Fine Arts

ELEVENTH AND R STREETS
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

EDOUARD HESSELBERG
MASTER PIANIST—COMPOSER—PEDAGOGUE
DEPARTMENT OF PIANISTIC ART

SALUTATION—

¶ If you were present at the eleventh National Conference of Music Supervisors in Evansville, Indiana, you undoubtedly participated at the banquet in the rendition of "*AMERICA MY COUNTRY*", under the direction of Mr. H. O. Ferguson of Lincoln, Nebraska, and are well acquainted with the composition.

¶ Should you have been absent, kindly try "*America My Country*" as reproduced on reverse of this, and if possible, use it in your public school work and community sings.

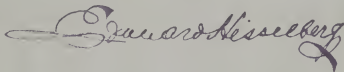
¶ I wish to call your especial attention to the fact of "*America My Country*" being not a "patriotic song of the hour" but a *National Hymn*, of which order, with the exception of "My Country 'tis of Thee", we have scarcely any, and to which *this great new hymn*, would make an exceptional supplement.

¶ If you are interested in the vocal solo, unison chorus or quartette arrangements, kindly let me hear from you.

¶ Should you deem "*America My Country*" worthy of your endorsement it will be most gratefully accepted for publicity.

¶ Thanking you in advance for the favor of a reply, I am

Cordially yours,



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ORDER FROM THE COMPOSER OR THROUGH ANY MUSIC DEALER

(OVER)

AMERICA MY COUNTRY

THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

"America, My Country" is said to be the greatest patriotic song-poem of the war. Many have hailed it as the new National Anthem. It received the applause of Congress, when Hon. Isaac Siegel of New York quoted it in his patriotic speech at one of the tensest moments in American history, on the day war was declared. The National Editorial Association sang it at Red Wing and Minneapolis. The late Col. B. B. Herbert, publisher of the National Printer-Journalist, greatly admired this song and gave it wide publicity. Men have enlisted because of it. You who believe in the sentiment it expresses, sing it, play it and extend its influence to help arouse patriotism and "make the world safe for democracy."

WORDS
BY

Jens K. Grondahl

MUSIC
BY

E. F. Maetzold

PRICE 25 CENTS

The Audience will please rise and remain standing while this Anthem is sung or played.

For Sale by

The Red Wing Printing Co.
RED WING, MINN

And by Music Dealers Generally.

America, My Country.

THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

JENS K. GRONDAHL.

E. F. MAETZOLD.

VOICE.

INTRO.

Maestoso.

1. A - mer - i - ca, my coun-try, I come at thy call, I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all; In
 2. A - mer - i - ca, my coun-try, brave souls gave thee birth, They yearned for a ha - ven of free - dom on earth; And
 3. A - mer - i - ca, my coun-try, now come is thy hour—The Lord of hosts counts on thy cour-age and pow'r; Hu-

peace or in war I am wed to thy weat—I'll car - ry thy flag thru the fire and the steel. Un-
 when thy proud flag to the winds was un-furled, There came to thy shores the op-pressed of the world. Thy
 man - i - ty pleads for the strength of thy hand, Lest lib - er - ty per - ish on sea and on land. Thou

Copyright, 1917, by The Red Wing Daily Republican, Red Wing, Minn.

Editors hereby permit us to publish the words of this song. Also published as vocal solo in F and Bb, and for Band and Orchestra.

sul-lied it floats o'er our peace-lov-ing race, On sea nor on land shall it suf-fer dis-grace; In
milk and thy hon-ey flow free-ly for all— Who takes of thy boun-ty shall come at thy call; Who
guardian of free-dom, thou keep-er of right, When lib-er-ty bleeds we may trust in thy might; Di-

rall. e - cresc. a tempo.

rev-'rence I kneel at sweet lib-er-ty's shrine: A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, com-mand, I am thine.
quaffs of thy nec-tar of free-dom shall say: A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, com-mand, I o-bey.
vine right of kings or our free-dom must fall— A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, I come at thy call.

CHORUS.

A-mer-i-ca, my country, I an-swer thy call, That free-dom may live and that ty-rants may fall; I

rall. e - cresc. a tempo.

owe thee my all, and my all will I give— I do and I die that A-mer-i-ca may live.

The President, Vice President, Secretary, and Past Presidents of the National Editorial Association who attended the National Convention in Minneapolis, July, 1917, unite in the following statement:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

In a crisis like that through which America and the other free nations of the world are passing, when tyranny is marshalling all its forces in a titanic struggle to overwhelm democracy and extinguish the light of liberty, we long, instinctively, for song and poem to give expression to our patriotic sentiments. We feel the need of word and melody to arouse patriotism to the greatest sacrifices and to the most heroic achievements, in order that, as Abraham Lincoln said, "government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth;" and, as Woodrow Wilson has said, "to make the world safe for democracy." At the meeting of the National Editorial Association in July, 1917, we repeatedly heard the song, "America, My Country," then first given to the public, and all were thrilled by its lofty patriotism and its inspiring melody. All felt that a new National Anthem, breathing the true spirit of America, original both in words and music, had been born. The favor with which this timely and patriotic song has been received by public and critics fully justify our first impressions. We believe that "America, My Country," should be sung and recited in every home and school and camp in the land, that it should be played by every band and orchestra, and that its inspiring lines and tune should be used to arouse and stimulate patriotism wherever Americans live and wherever American soldiers go in the defense of our flag and human liberty.

(Signed)

HERBERT C. HOTALING, Minnesota, President.

GUY W. HARDY, Colorado, Vice President.

GEORGE SCHLOSSER, South Dakota, Secretary.

JOHN E. JUNKIN, Florida, Past President.

LEE J. ROUNTREE, Texas, Past President.

E. H. TOMLINSON, New Jersey, Past President.

Dated September, 1917.

Gov. Burnquist of Minnesota, Gov. Norbeck of South Dakota, Gov. Brough of Arkansas, Gov. Alexander of Idaho, Gov. Capper of Kansas, Gov. Bamberger of Utah, Gov. Boyle of Nevada and many prominent educators have written letters commending the nation-wide use of this song.

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THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

Solo or Unison Singing

Words by

Jens K. Grondahl



Music by

E. F. Maetzold

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RED WING, MINNESOTA

AND DEALERS GENERALLY

TO BE SUNG WITH SPIRIT.

America, My Country.

THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

JENS K. GRONDAHL.

E. F. MAETZOLD.

Intro.

f

rit.

Maestoso.

mf

1. A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, I come at thy call, I
 2. A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, brave souls gave thee birth, They
 3. A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, now come is thy hour, — The

mf

plight thee my troth and I give thee my all; In peace or in proud
 yearned for a ha - ven of free - dom on earth; And when thy proud
 Lord of hosts counts on thy cour - age and pow'r; Hu - man - i - ty

war I am wed to thy weal I li car - ry thy flag thru the
 flag to the winds was un - furled, There came to thy shores the op -
 pleads for the strength of thy hand, Lest lib - er - ty per - ish on

fire and the steel. Un - sul - lied it floats o'er our peace-lov - ing race, On
 pressed of the world. Thy milk and thy hon - ey flow free - ly for all — Who
 sea and on land. Thou guar - dian of free - dom, thou keep - er of right, When

p

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All arrangements, regular Sheet Music size, ready

Band or Orchestra, 25 cents.

rall. e -

sea nor on land shall it suf - fer dis - grace; In rev'-rence I kneel at sweet
takes of thy boun - ty shall come at thy call; Who quaffs of thy nec - tar of
lib - er - ty bleeds we may trust in thy might; Di - vine right of kings or our

rall. e -

cresc. *a tempo.*

lib - er - ty's shrine: A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, com-mand, I am thine.
free-dom shall say:— A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, com-mand, I o - bey.
free-dom must fall— A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, I come at thy call.

cresc. *f a tempo.*

CHORUS.

A - mer - i - ca, my coun - try, I an - swer thy call, That

f

rall.

free-dom may live and that ty - rants may fall; I owe thee my all, and my

rall.

e - cresc. *a tempo.*

all will I give— I do and I die that A - mer - i - ca may live.

e - cresc. *f a tempo.*

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JENS K. GRONDAHL.

E. F. MAETZOLD.

Voice.

Intro.

f *fz* *rit.*

Maestoso.

mf

1. A - mer-i-ca, my coun-try, I come at thy call, I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all; In
2. A - mer-i-ca, my coun-try, brave souls gave thee birth, They yearned for a ha - ven of free-dom on earth; And
3. A - mer-i-ca, my coun-try, now come is thy hour, - The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and pow'r; Hu-
peace or in war I am wed to thy weal - I'll car - ry thy flag thru the fire and the steel. Un-
when thy proud flag to the winds was un-furled, There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world. Thy
man - i - ty pleads for the strength of thy hand, Lest lib - er - ty per - ish on sea and on land. Thou

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 3. A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, now come is thy hour, The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and pow'r; Hu-

mf

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 milk and thy hon-ey flow free-ly for all—Who takes of thy boun-ty shall come at thy call; Who
 guard-ian of free-dom, thou keep-er of right, When lib-er-ty bleeds we may trust in thy might; Di-

p

rall. - e - cresc. a tempo.

rev-ence I kneel at sweet lib-er-ty's shrine: A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, com-mand, I am thine.
 quaffs of thy nec-tar of free-dom shall say: A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, com-mand, I o-bey.
 vine right of kings or our free-dom must fall—A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, I come at thy call.

rall. - e - cresc. f a tempo.

CHORUS.

A-mer-i-ca, my coun-try, I an-swer thy call, That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall; I

f

rall. - e - cresc. a tempo.

owe thee my all, and my all will I give—I do and I die that A-mer-i-ca may live.

rall. - e - cresc. f a tempo.

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